

30 Day OTP Challenge - Hiccup and Jack Frost  
by JericoMyst

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Summary: For 30 days Hiccup and Jack will go through different adventures occurring in their lifetime. From youth to old age, the whole spectrum of relationships, from intimate cuddles to disaster recovery, will be explored. Enjoy!

### 1. Day 1 - Holding Hands

A/N

Started the 30 Day OTP Challenge on DeviantArt. The link to the rest of the topics are below:

[journal/30-Day-OTP-Challenge-LIST-325248585](http://journal/30-Day-OTP-Challenge-LIST-325248585)

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><p>Day 1 â€“ Holding Hands</p>

"And I'm proud to introduce to you... The President of the United States!"

Bright lights. Flashes. Applause. I stand up and lift my hand in a salute, face bursting with a smile. My head moves left and right as I walk to the stand, acknowledging the crowd, absorbing the looks of everyone who have contributed so much to help me. I spot a kid in the back, holding a flag up high and waving it without knowing what's going on; an old man is cheering in front, one hand on his walking stick and the other signalling a peace sign, held high for all to see! And the many other faces that I've glanced over, connecting me to each and every person's individuality, the hopes they have entrusted with me to cherish and nurture.

In that brief moment when the only sounds belonged to them, I let their joy overwhelm me.

Too soon, and with a few more steps I take to the stands, the crowd gradually subsiding. Adjusting the mic, I shot a look at Jack, my husband. His eyes sparkled with pride, and as elated and nervous as I am I felt immediately calm, his pools of blue diamonds washing over me in their serene embrace. This is the moment we've all been waiting for, the culmination of hours and days of planning and campaigns. I look back to the crowd and make my speech.

"This dayâ€ has been a monumental day. For my family, for my supporters and most of all, for you, the nation. My heartfelt thanks extends to every single individual out there, whether you're young or old, supporter or not, for accepting my differences and allow me to even participate in this race, let alone see it through the end. For that I am honoured with your generosity and kind understanding."

Words of praise and gratitude continue to tumble out of my mouth, to my staff, to the volunteers, to my opponent - A gushing stream of human empathy and compassion that cannot amount to even a fraction of what those who have helped me have shown.

"Even now, having seen how far we've come together, how much we can and have accomplished, I am astonished at how little acts of kindness make all the difference. There's the high school student, spending time after class at campaign headquarters; traditional folk who didn't agree with my policies or lifestyle, but invited me into their homes to discuss and inform me; that little girl who shyly handed me a flower before darting behind her moms. I may not have known them, but through the hard times we've gone through you have picked me up, given me warmth and restored faith in myself and in this country challenge after challenge, wave after wave. A lot of times the campaign almost failed - because of money, social norms or conservative thinking. YOU made this possible, YOU made this happen, and YOU demonstrated to the world - our nation's greatness in embracing change."

The crowd went ecstatic. Seeing a sea of faces, full of expectations of a happy future, I am humbled by their courage in choosing me to represent them. I looked back to also acknowledge the crowd behind, but most of all I was looking at Jack. He looked so beautiful and proud, and also a bit teary-eyed on this big occasion. No amount of lost sleep or starving nights could diminish his perfectness. We were meant to be, and his love has been invaluable in getting me through stressful times.

I continued with my speech. Towards the end I motioned Jack to come up to the stage. My hands reached for him, and his fingers wrapped themselves snuggly around mine, the feeling so familiar and natural that we didn't have to think about it.

"Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III was a shy child. Never had the bravery to embark on anything new, but maybe... he was saving it for something greater. It's thanks to your love that America has elected their first gay president. We look forward to a brighter future, good night!"

Jack and I raised our interlocked hands in acceptance, and the crowd cheered on.

## 2. Day 2 - Cuddling

### Day 2 - Cuddling

The audition went badly. I knew it, we all knew it. I tried to do a triple axel turn followed by an absolutely FABULOUS twist in mid-air, but my flying bird came crashing down to earth. And the same goes with my dream career of being a dancer. It's back to the sad reality of school and college now, get a boring job and live a boring life...

The adjudicator was charming, she sat through my routine with a smile the whole time. It started to seem fake and creepy after a while. To my credit I did manage to impress her at least once, a mid-air leap made her eyes fluttered and go wide. (I hope that was the case and not the ripping of my pants!) But at the end, she sat me down and said, "It's all very good Jack, but I'm afraid you're not flexible enough to be cope with the choreography. When did you start dancing?"

"12, that was two years ago."

"Yes, you see, our dancers will have reached quite a substantial level by the time they're your age. You're just starting out. I'm sorry, we won't be seeing you again."

They're never sorry. I picked up my things and went to the changing room.

I swapped my simple black and white costume for my uniform. Had to miss school to try out, and turns out it was all a waste in the end. Another chance, another slam of the door.

Hiccup was waiting for me outside. He insisted he come after school, and expected to see me beaming, his faith in me ever strong. But I've failed him.

One look was all it takes.

"I'm sorry Jack, you okay?"

His face was full of concern, not with the conceit of the lady back there. I shrugged my shoulders.

"I'm alright I guess. I never expected to compete with properly trained dancers, why do I even bother?"

"Don't say that, you've come mighty far on you own... I bet you saw some pretty hot dancers though?" Even in my distressed state Hic could always look on the bright side of things. I stifled a laugh, in no mood for such joviality. But yet again his innocent stare and deadpan believery managed to pull my lips up into a smile.

"There was this one guy... Man, you should have seen that massive bulge against his pants, and his assâ€| I think I'm in love!"

He pouted with me playfully, "And here I am, waiting for you as the good boyfriend! You can take the bus home yourself, Mr Casanova!"

There, all relaxed. My mind cleared itself from the quagmire of depression and self-hate it was lurking in. "C'mon Hic, you know I only have eyes for you."

"Well prove it then!" He replied sassily, half-meaning it.

I was only too glad to please. I dropped my bag and took him in my arms. Before he knew what hit him I planted a big, fat, wet kiss on his lips.

His cheeks turned red with embarrassment.

"I didn't mean now, not in front of everyone!"

No one batted an eyelid. We were in New York after all. 2 kids frolicking in the street? That's only baby stuff!

"You enjoyed it though, didn't you?" I gave him a playful wink.

Hiccup rolled his eyes. "Next thing you know we'll be doing it in public! C'mon, we'll be late for the bus."

It usually took us about an hour to get home. We both lived away from the city centre but went to the same school, and it was during those tedious bus rides that we got to know each other.

One day the bus was full. The only seat available was next to this quiet kid at the back. He didn't look up when I came over, he was concentrating on his sketch book. I plopped myself down and took out a story to pass the time, gradually drifting off to dreamland with the gentle rocking of my seatâ€!

The bus hit a particularly nasty bump during the ride. It not only woke me up, but it also dislodged the book on my lap and sent it falling to the floor. Seeing it on the ground, the boy next to me bent down and picked it up. I was still recovering from my mid-afternoon nap when a small voice said, "You read David Levithan?"

"Uggg, who... Oh yeah, he's my favourite author! I've read 'Boy meets Boy' for God knows how many times."

"Nice." He went back to his sketching, but I could tell he was interested.

"You know about him too?" It wasn't the straightest book around, if you know what I mean.

"I have a copy too. It was a birthday gift from an uncle. He thought it would be an appropriate presentâ€!"

No one gives a gay novel as a gift, unless the receiver possess some sort of homosexual tendencies... Or at least that's what I deduced! (Sherlock Homles really helped me out there) As I didn't want to turn the conversation any more awkward, I stole a few looks at him. The dying sun reflected off his hair, revealing an auburn sheen that complimented his downcast green eyes hidden by glasses. He looked small for his age, and from his quietness a bit lonely too. I decided to strike up a conversation.

"I'm Jack, what's your name?"

He lifted up his head and smiled tentatively. "Hiccup."

"Cool. Whatcha trying to draw there?"

In the subsequent days we gradually opened up to each other. He liked looking around art galleries and museums, which corresponded to my passion for the arts too. Okay, more like my passion for dance, which is still a physical art form! We both read young adult novels, and LOVED fantasy. (His speciality was dragons, while I like Nordic legends like Thor) As our friendship grew we went to each other's homes and did projects together. We made home videos and wrote stories and invented thingsâ€¦ Mostly he was the planner behind our schemes, while I was to go-doer. I was a lonely kid, and he was too, but now we've found our niche by being together. The fun carried on for a year, and when it was his 14th birthday I surprised him with a book and a notecard.

"Awww I already have this book! My uncle gave it to me, remember?"

"Wait, waitâ€¦ open the card?"

He fumbled with the envelope, trying not to tear the lovely designs I drew on them.

"To Hiccup,

When boy meets boy, things happen. And between us they did. Happy Birthday Hiccup, I'll always be here.

Here's looking at you, kid!

Frosty"

There was a big red heart at the bottom. I hoped it was a subtle-enough hint that I liked him, that I was "looking" at him from not just a friend's perspective, but from a boyfriend's point of view. The book and Casablanca kinda said something too.

It was a long time until he raised his head. When he did, he looked kind of scared.

"Jack, does that meanâ€¦?"

"Well, I don't know how to say this but here goesâ€¦ I love you Hiccup. From the first moment when I saw you sitting quietly leaning on the window I liked you. I liked your quietness, your inner beauty. Underneath that timid outlook is more than just a kid. You're a friend, a should to cry on, someone to loveâ€¦" I started welling up.

"Shhhh Jack, it's alright." He took me in an embrace and smoothed my spiky white hair with soft, caring strokes. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"I thought, your family, especially your dadâ€¦ Anyways, we would probably have made an odd pairâ€¦"

"I don't care if we make an odd pair Jackson Overland Frost, I love you too."

My heart broke, and songs of joy erupted from it. Just like that, we became new people, breaking out of our shells of insecurity and oppression.

We stood there in the street, just hugging each other for a long time.

The bus rides home were not long any more. We sat at the very back where no one could see us, and it became our thing. Other frequenters always saved those 2 spaces for us. We would cuddle together and watch as the city passed us by, letting the sun warm us with its life-affirming rays.

"Jackâ€¢! You're not still disappointed are you?" Sleepy Hiccup whispered to me quietly.

"No...Having you by my side is more than enough."

He snuggled closer to me for warmth, and I let myself drift into his warm embrace.

### 3. Day 3 - Watching a Movie

Day 3 â€¢ Gaming/watching a movie

Choose one. Any one. JUST PICK ONE!

My brain was literally screaming at me to make a decision, but I couldn't. I invited Jack over to my house earlier today and wanted something to do with him. I decided on a classic â€¢ watching a movie. The problem was which one? Art house was my first choice, but it came across as too highbrow; comedy seemed nice, but I wanted something intimate to share with him. And Jack's too much of a "guy" guy to watch a romance with. I wanted to surprise him in a good way; I wanted to make his first home visit a worthwhile memory.

We've only revealed our feelings for each other a month ago, and since then things have been a tumbleful. We debated whether we should hold hands at school, how we would act around each other in public, telling each other our innermost secretsâ€¢ I was surprised to know that this was a first-time relationship for both of us. I assumed that Astrid, a blond girl in my class who was a full head taller than me, was his girlfriend. Turned out she was a family friend of Jack's. He kept a "relationship" going on with her because he didn't want his dad to know that he was gay. And I had no idea too, not until our English project.

Yes, that's it! We've been making a movie for our English class. It was a gay take on Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet. The film was done and dusted, ready to be played. Since Jack was going to come over, we could watch it together! I quickly turned my computer on to touch it up a bit and put my camera in place.

"Hey Jack, come on in!"

He took a moment to take in everything.

"Your place is really nice. I always thought such an amazing guy would have a crazy house, but turned out I'm wrong."

I laughed. We were a really odd pair. He was popular and mainstream, I was quirky and into some seriously alternate stuff. I liked Tribes, he liked Rihanna. Many an argument has been made about whose preference was better, and Jack always ended up backing off. He said my stubbornness was what attracted him to me in the first place, the first time when we got close behind those curtains backstage.

"Wait till you see this AMAZING movie."

He plopped himself down on the sofa while I got us some popcorn. On my way to the kitchen I switched the camera on to record. Might come in use later.

With the remote in reach and us juggling the popcorn bowl between each other I switched on the telly.

'Hijack productions presents: ROMEO AND JULIAN'

"Oh my God are we really watching this? I might die of embarrassment."

"Hey calm down Romeo, I spent hours editing the whole thing. And you look FABULOUS by the way, so no need to worry."

Two guys could really get a lot done. We had to pare down the script to its bare bones, only shooting scenes between the two main characters, but we managed to get the gist of the story across. We did a really good job. The first kiss scene was particularly exceptional, moving Jack so much that he wanted some action right away.

"Back then, when I didn't really know you and we had to kiss, it was so awkward." He whispered between pecks.

(gasp) "Not anymore." As my tongue slide into his mouth.

We ended up snuggling together, feeding each other popcorn. We sat through the heartbreak and angst of Shakespeare's story, comfortable with the fact that we were now together, sharing each other's warmth and love. What happened in the play stayed in the play, our reality was safe from the woes of those two star-crossed lovers, fate having denied their love to blossom. Or maybe it didn't have to end like thatâ€¦

"Hic, what's with the interrupted ending? We've done the last scene already. Remember you spilled your "poisoned" coke all over us?"

"Instead of a sad ending I wanted a happy one."

"But what are we going to do? We've done all the filming."

"Not all of it. I kinda recorded us just now, sharing a moment."

"YOU RECORDED OUR DATE?!"

"I wanted to keep some memories! Also I thought it would make a nice ending for the story. The two lovers enjoy a life of peace and happiness, instead of lying dead in each other's arms!"

"Well if you count sitting in front of the TV as eternal happiness, that's fine by me! C'mon, I was only joking. I love the idea! You know what this means though?"

"What?"

"The whole school will know we're boyfriends."

"Then when we're married, we can show this to our children and say 'That's how your daddies met'!"

Jack facepalmed himself.

"You're adorable."

Then went in to hug me. Tight.

I love the guy.

#### 4. Day 4 - On a Date

A/N

This story is set in Georgian times, which would explain why 2 boys were allowed to go off on their own for a whole night by themselves, unlike current society.

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><p>Day 4 â€“ On a Date<p>

We hiked up Malham Cove late in the afternoon, the two of us traipsing barefooted on the ground. Green blades of grass emitted a golden hue around us, illuminated by the setting sun.

"How much longer Jack?" We've been walking for quite some time and I was tired.

"Not so far now. We took a different path from the one I usually take because I wanted you to have a look around."

Jack was right. Instead of drab log-houses and sodden mud, the never-ending expanse of flaxen turf along with the different hues of twilight clouds made for picture-perfect scenery. I took his hand into mine and asked, "But where are we going?"

"It's a secret. But I tell you this, it was a special hideaway for me when I was small. Grandfather liked to take me there."

You could literally see how much Jack loved the outdoors. A country lad born and bred, this was the place where he lived his childhood, and hours were spent roaming on these hills, getting up close and

personal with nature. I, on the other hand, came from a village/town nearby his tiny hamlet, and was mainly exposed to the industrialising of our country.

I could hear the sea nearby, the waves crashing and smashing at rocks. "Are we going to a beach?"

Jack just smiled mysteriously. "You'll see."

In a while we reached a summit and stopped. Over the hill a carpet of grass extended right up to the edge of the cliff, and then a sheer drop led to a crescent cove, where gentle waves lolled to and fro in the sand. We came just in time to watch the sunset rays reflect off the water and into our eyes.

Giggling, Jack said shyly, "Do you like it?"

I was still absorbing it all. Never have I ventured any further than the vicinities of my town. My knowledge of sea and sand came from stories we were told in the village hall, but I could never imagine it would be like this.

"It's beautiful."

Jack dropped his bundle and wrapped his arms around me. "There's much more out there than that little home of yours. One day, when we grow up, we'll travel to faraway places, places where we don't have to hide anymore. And there we can start our lives again." He planted a kiss on my cheek.

I flinched. I was not used to the public show of affection, as I had ingrained in my brain it was a sin to lay with another man. But this felt so right, so true, that I felt I could finally be me in the eyes of nature, to accept this precious thing between me and Jack. I gingerly pulled his waist closer to me still.

We stood for a while, enjoying this rare moment of unabashed tenderness.

"Come, help me with the blanket."

We stretch the rag across the grass and lay down side by side. I closed my eyes and let the soothing sound of shifting tides overcome me.

"Jackâ€| This is nice, thank you."

"Wait till we see the stars, Hic. Then you can thank me." He winked playfully.

My head leaned on his shoulder as his hand smoothed my auburn hair. In private we snuggled as much as we wanted, and we did "disgusting" stuff that people didn't approve of. We could be in love.

"Hiccup, why do you think people hate us? We're doing nothing wrong."

As kids we would hold hands walking through town and people didn't really mind, they just told us not to do that. As we got older and our feelings for each other surfaced we continued doing the same

things, only we had to keep it behind closed doors. When people saw us too close together they would separate us, and if we engaged in any act remotely resembling that of a couple they would turn away and frown. The other teens in the village didn't want to go near us.

"I don't know, maybeâ€¦ maybe they're jealous of us!"

Jack looked at me sadly. He knew I had more loving parents who cared for their son, thus I was shielded from the hurt others gave us. But for him things were much more exposed. His father was mean and beat him often, while his mother was always in bed, too sick to take care of her children. He compensated for this lack of love by living in his own fantasies, and as a result he was a wild child, uncontrolled by the village elders or adults. The kids loved him though, and he would tell fantastic stories until late at night, with me sitting cross-legged at the back, staring at his animated face while nodding off to the lull of his voice.

"Oh Hicâ€¦ I love you!" He grabbed me by the shoulders with both hands and embraced me with the most passionate hug ever.

"Iâ€¦(sniff) Iâ€¦ never want to leave you. I want to stay here forever, just the two of us against the world." I lifted my arm and patted his back with long, slow strokes.

"Jack, you know how I feel about you. I will never, ever forget it. Nevermind the adults, nevermind the meanies, we always have each other, remember?" I raised my palm to his face, revealing a slight gash that ran along the flesh.

Jack welled up at the sight of the mark. He raised his palm too, and there was the same gash. It was the first time we held hands, after Jack finished telling his tales to the village children. He found me curled up in the back, quietly snoozing. I was gently roused and saw this white-haired boy staring down. We got talking, and gradually formed a close friendship. We got along so well that I proposed we be blood-brothers. Jack loved the idea so much he took a broken bottle and cut two slashes, one on his left palm and one on my right. We held our hands together, and with the infusion of our blood we knew, from that moment on, that we would stay through thick and thin.

Our hands fitted into each other's perfectly. "You know the gaps in our fingers were made for a reason."

Jack's tears dried up and his lips rose in a slight smile. "And why might that be Hic?"

"So our lovers would fill in the missing pieces."

Around others I could never hold small talk, but with Jack I was myself. We spent many nights behind the village barn, away from prying eyes, and shared pieces of each other: Jack's hair turned white overnight when he saw his sister die; I lost a leg because of a blotched experiment by a crazy doctor. We sought to understand each other, and that formed the basis of our relationship.

"The sun's down. Any moment now Hic, any moment, and a whole new world will be revealed."

I never paid much attention to the night sky. It made me feel small and worthless, like what the other kids say to me. But now, with Jack we carved out a piece of space-time and made it ours. In the vastness of existence we were an island, sailing towards the future together.

Heat radiated from our joined bodies. I held his hand in mine, he joined our legs together. We were as close as one as possible.

"Look, Jack, look! I can see them now, hundreds of them!"

The faint glow of the stars shone on my beaming face, and revealed Jack's eyes wide with wonder. Simple pleasures, yet they meant so much.

"We sat in this very spot, Grandfather and I, before he died. I was a child then, and he would tell me stories, myths all about the planets and stars... I wonder if he's looking down on us now."

He gripped me tighter. In absence of parents Jack's grandfather was the closest thing he had as family. I cherished the honour of sharing such intimacy with him now.

"I'm sure he is. Let's see how many stars there are. One, two, threeâ€|"

We shared a night together, lying beneath a fabric of twinkling dreams, time frozen in between the tortures of life, looking up to the heavens for a better answer.

## 5. Day 5 - Kissing

Day 5 â€“ Kissing

Wow, so this is what a party is like. I can hear the music thumping from outside the house. Even the windows are flashing in all sorts of colours.

"Get out Hiccup! What, you're scared?"

Astrid's the blond next to me. She's already a bit tipsy so she's speaking slightly louder than normal.

"Alright, fineâ€| quit shouting!"

My feet land on the ground. Touch down! I'm going to my first party, not the birthday ones we had as kids. This is a proper one, no adults and just teenagers having fun. AND I'M INVITED, YES, YES, YES!

"Alright, walk on buddy. Tour's not over, there's more to see inside."

Never mind her, she's always like that. Did I also mention Astrid's a cool girl? Been going to senior parties since grade 8, she's a veteran of our school's "chic" scene. So how did quiet little me end up with this social butterfly? Good question, one's that also on quite a few people's minds when we walk past the front door. I guess

there are these muscles, and also being slightly shorter (5'7 to 5'9) than her makes Astrid look better.

What, you don't believe me? Fine. My skinny frame plus average height can never compete with her previous string of jock boyfriends, so I guess it's my personality then. Still no? Okay, I'll admit it. We're just best friends. Since forever I might add. But of course it's much more complicated than thatâ€!

"Come on! Move!" Astrid is slurring her words and towing me by the arm. I'm frantically looking at other party-goers and receiving strange looks in return. Smile and wave Hiccup, just smile and wave.

"Psst, stop grinning like an idiot, I look bad with you."

Well thanks for that Miss I'm-so-fancy.

"Get a hold of yourself (oops sorry, coming through), you need to look impressive. I have someone for you to see."

A meeting? Is that the reason I'm here? And I thought I was finally cool enough to join these guys. There goes my dream of being Hipster Hic, with the sassy comebacks and swaggy persona, all down the drain. I'll continue to occupy the lower social strata, consigned forever to look up at the fun other people have from the mires of purgatory, destined to never have a mateâ€! Wait a minute, someone requested me, someone out there wants to make contact with ME?!

Stay calm, don't freak out just yet, you need more information.  
"Stop, Oi let go of me! Who's this person Astrid? Why does she want with me?"

Astrid giggled. "Let's say you're not entirely hopeless Hiccup. Someone has their eyes on you, and I happen to be in a position to 'help'."

Whoa this is getting confusing. "And who might she be?"

Astrid playfully glanced left and right for eavesdroppers. She whispered, "Right over there, \*\*he's\*\* in the room behind the curtains. Jackson Overland wants you."

WHAT?! Jackson Overland, otherwise known as Jack Frost, the coolest guy in the school? He's the one who rarely talks because he's so chill, the one that catches the eyes of all the ladies but never makes a move. His Zen-like calm has reached another level, one that I dream to achieve. He sits silently in class, arms crossed and leaning nonchalantly back on his chair, coldly observing everyone else; I sit mute and head down, buried in my textbook. Different types of quietness, totally different outcome.

Keep it cool Hiccup, don't act surprised. "Okay fine. But what does he want with me?"

Astrid spoke sultrily, "Go over and find out, big boy."

She melted away in the crowd.

Great, now I'm going to embarrass myself in front of the most

socially advanced person in the room. Here goes nothing.

I pushed open the curtains and enter into the dark.

"Er, Jack? Hiccup here. Just going to turn on the lights."

Silence. Fine, act all mysterious, I'm going to take a seat. I reach out my hands and feel around for a couch.

"Sit down where you are, unless you want to keep on groping my leg."

Aiiii! Wrong start, wrong start! He hasn't even seen me, so first impressions haven't been made yet. Still have a chance. (His legs are wonderfully muscled though)

"Sorry about that. Can't seem to find the light switch."

"Leave it, I like it this way."

I know Jack's impenetrable and all, but this is getting a bit strange.

"So, what's going on?"

Again Jack waited a while to answer. "You areâ€| different from the others Hic. I get invited to all these parties but I can never make a connection with someone else. They're all too trashy, loud or drunk to be something more. Then comes you I don't see you at parties, but you don't seem to care. In class you just sit quietly on your own doing what \_you \_want, not giving a fuck about all that social bullshit. I like it."

Hehe, I guess Jack hasn't heard what a social slut I am (or want to be). I usually stick to myself because I'm a shy guy, and only with friends do I become "me". Close friends actually, so that narrows it down to Astrid. We've gone shopping together, played with Barbies in primary school, swum naked in the parkâ€| When Astrid first had her period she came wailing to me. We're the closets of friends, and when she asked me to come to a party (and I usually decline because I know I don't belong) with the reason that she didn't feel comfortable because it was being hosted by a new bunch of people, I followed just to look after her. Who knew she had something else on her mind?

"Ha thanks Jack. So what's gonna happen now? Astrid said you wanted to meet up?"

It's a good thing he can't see me, because I'm blushing like a tomato now. I'll admit that I've had a crush on Jack since I first saw him on the opposite side of class. Back then I thought it was just a phase and pushed it into my emotional locker. Better to admire from afar than risk getting hurt. But here he is, with me in the dark, saying he likes me. I daren't hope for this to develop any further.

"Ah Astrid, what do you think of her?"

"She's my best friend, we've known each other since kindergarten."

"Yes, but is there anything more than that?"

Does Jack want to know if she's taken? Is that why I'm here?

"No, noâ€¦ She's had a few, but as far as I know of she's free now, if that's what you want."

Something was shuffling along the couch, I could hear it moving. Then Jack was right next to me, whispering into my ear.

"I don't know how to play games, so I'll tell you straight up. I like you Hic, I really do. And I want to get to know you better. Will you give me a chance?"

My heart literally explodes. "You what?"

"I asking you to be my boyfriend dummy!" Jack giggles.

Mind blown! The person of my dreams, asking me out? This is too good to be true. "But how'd you know?"

"Let's just say Astrid's been telling me of the things you've done with her, and they don't seem to be the straightest activities around."

Damn it, I knew it was going to come out sometime. I haven't told anyone yet, not even her, but I guess she could tell. We're best buddies, right, I should have trusted her. Anyway, haven't I got a relationship to start?

"How about you? No one knows anything about you Jack."

He put his arm around me and pulls me close. "You know nothing Haddock. But if you let me show youâ€¦"

My brain went into complete shutdown. I let my emotions carry me forwards and grab hold of Jack.

"Well I guess it's a yes then."

His hand reaches up to caress my face, while mine wanders around the contours of his body. He pulls my head in while I circle his waist, connecting the two of us with his lips. Seems like we're both inexperienced in this department, which is strange because Jack's a girl magnet. He does try though, and I can feel his tongue slip into my mouth, looking for its companion.

"Errrrg, Jack not yet! ;et's take it slow first?"

"Ha, I didn't know you have such a weak stomach Hic. I suppose it's official now, Hiccup stole Jack's heart and they'll live happily ever after."

My boyfriend's quite the drama queen apparently. I take his hand and stand up.

"Shall we announce it to the world then?"

\*\*Sorry for the lateness. These few days have been quite busy and emotional for me, but now everything should be back on track. Expect more to come!\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>Day 6 - Wearing each other's clothes</p>

Form time at Berk High. The kids were struggling to stay still while listening to the announcements.

"â€|lastly, tomorrow will be mufti day, so please bring in a pound to support the Leukaemia Cancer Fund."

Jack and Hiccup looked at each other.

"Oooo, we should wear matching clothes. To show we're a pair?"

"No dummy that's soâ€| soâ€| stupid."

"You're stupid."

"Am not."

"Am too."

"Look, I'll come over to yours after school to sort it out, deal?"

"Deal."

The two resumed holding hands.

Tiny hands rapped at the wooden door. A tall woman came out to open it.

"Why hello Jack, Hiccup's upstairs. HONEY YOU'RE FRIEND'S HERE. Why don't you run along and find him?"

"Will do Mrs H, thanks!"

Jackson's tiny feet took the stairs two at a time. He couldn't wait to see his best friend in the whole wide world.

"Come on in Jack."

The four walls were covered in drawings. There were pictures of dragons and Vikings and fairiesâ€| Every time Jack goes in he stops and stares at Hiccup's wonderful imagination.

"So I was thinking, I'll wear a leather jacket and boots with a beanie substituting for a helmet so I'll look like a dragon warrior, while you can dress up in a suit and tie like a prince waiting to be rescued." Hiccup was excited at the idea of playing a character.

"The only way you're going to look like a dragon warrior is if you have paws and a massive tummy, like Po."

Hiccup sulked. "I was just saying. Do you have any better ideas?"

The smaller teen was really hooked on fantasy. Hiccup has been going to comic con since he was old enough to be allowed in and loves cosplay with a passion. That's how they met actually, at a convention nearby.

"Ummm, let's save the dressing up for another time. This is school we're talking about here, we don't need to show off."

"I'm just being who I am."

"Being special only ends up bad. I won't walk with you to school if you go with it."

He started welling up a bit. "But I thought we were best buddies."

But Jack didn't notice his friend's distress. He was focusing hard about the choice of clothing.

After a while, jackpot! "Hiccup, why don't you wear my clothes and I'll wear yours."

The brunette was taken aback. "But what for?"

"We practically share everything already. Come on, this shows how strong our friendship is."

"Awww, but I want something different."

"This is about us here. Will you do it, just for me Hiccky?"

Jack was pouting furiously at the other boy. He mulled it over a while in his head, then said, "Okay, seems like a good idea. But don't call me that!"

Jack took off his blue hoodie and brown skinny jeans, while Hiccup got out his puffy outer coat and grey-green shirt. They were of similar height and build, so fitting was not a problem.

"Ummm, Hiccup, underwear too?"

The boy rolled his eyes. "Might as well do it to the full, because we're friends."

The white-haired boy gave a joyous laugh. "We sure are! The very best of them."

## 7. Day 7 - Drinks

A/N

The original topic was "cosplaying", but I honestly had no idea how to write a story based on that, so I changed it to "Drinks".

\* \* \*

><p>Day 7 "Drinks<p>

The hallway is always full of secrets. Secrets fed to lockers, personal secrets stored inside lockers, the inner secrets carried by people passing by. Each encounter has the potential to bring about change in someone's life, whether for good or for bad. Luckily for me things have been good. First day of school, I noticed the new boy's Heaney anthology. "Jack" was written in scrawny handwriting on the cover. He looked over and saw my poster of music quotes. Later we sat next to each other in English. I noticed we both preferred doing our own reading to memorising dry knowledge on the blackboard. As our lockers were side by side, we had chances to speak to each other. He was a poet, while I was a rock fan. Finally, after a period of time, we stopped speaking and we talked. We communicated to a deeper level of understanding other than superficial chatter. We told each other our secrets and we opened up to each other. The hallway was no longer under wraps. We were friends bonded by an uncanny set of matching interests and personality quirks.

Every time the bell rings and students come out of class, we have a chance to meet. We exchange a sentence or two or give a glance of acknowledgement, reminding each other of our presence. It's something to make the school day a bit more bearable.

This week we performed our hallway ritual again. Jack asked me if I want to go to Anna's for drinks later. We don't usually go to town during the weekdays, but it wasn't anything out of the ordinary. "Yeah, I'll meet you there." "Cool."

I picked up my backpack and headed down to town once class has ended.

The Diner was empty when I arrived. I headed to the corner table that was opposite the window, the place where we usually sit, and waited. It wasn't long until I spotted Jack.

"Hey Bud."

"Hey Hic."

Jack positioned himself right opposite from me and took out the menu.

"What are you having Hiccup?"

"I'm not feeling hungry actually, so I'll skip this one thanks."

"Suit yourself. I'm going to have a banana milkshake."

He hailed the waiter and placed his order. I focused my attention on Jack the whole time. He looked a bit fidgety and tired, as if something had been on his mind for some time.

"So, what's up?"

Jack opened his mouth to say something, but after a moment of thought he closed it. He hesitated and grimaced a little, like he was struggling with a thought.

"Jack, are you okay? You seem very stressed out."

"Things at home have been hard. I've only been here for half a year. Changing environments has made things challenging for me, so I'm grateful for you helping me out since the first day."

When did sunshine Jack become such a mope? I know he had family issues, but outside he looked fine, like he was dealing with it.

"That's what friends are for. You would have done fine without me anyway, you're Jack!"

A smile emerged for the first time since he came in the diner, but behind those upturned lips I still sensed his distress.

"Thanks man. It's just that I've been feeling like a mess recently. My brain tells me to do one thing, my heart wants another. I'm so screwed up inside that I can't see what I truly want. I guess that's the issue then."

The waitress arrived with his drink. She placed it down and left.

"Hey, excuse me â€“ She gave me two straws." The waitress was too far away to hear him.

"Anyway, as I was saying, I don't know what to do now, about college, about the future."

He slumped into the chair with a look of defeat in his eyes.

"Jackâ€¦ I'm not sure I'm the one you should be talking to about this. I'm just as confused as you are about mine. But I'll deal with it when I have to cross that bridge."

"But Hiccup, what if that bridge is there, right in front of you? The question is, do you want to cross it?"

"Look Jack, you're speaking in riddles. What's the real issue bothering you?"

Jack averted his whole body towards the wall. I tried to shift down and look into his eyes, but he avoided me.

"Hey, I know it's been a relatively short time, and it's fine if you feel uncomfortable with sharing your innermost secrets. I feel very lucky that you've even mentioned it to me, because that takes a lot of courage. Giving up something that is so much a part of you means making you vulnerable, and who likes to make themselves weak? Take your time Jack, do what you think you want."

Rumours of Jack's unstable family history have been bad, and because of that Jack can be very sensitive sometimes. Being his friend, I just want to be there when he's at his weakest.

"You trusted someone, but then they turn on you so badâ€¦"

His mother divorced his father and became an alcoholic. Jack was

beaten by the person who gave him unconditional love. This kind of hurt inflicted by closest kin can be a hundred times worse \_because\_ you assumed they cared for you.

"Well, if it concerns your wellbeing then maybe it's better to come out with it than clam it down?"

At 16, Jack just needed a few more years before he can escape home and become independent. All he has to do now is to wait it out.

"I mean at the end of the day you must decide to live your own life and not be under the expectation of parents who â€" "

"I'm gay."

Milkshake came spluttering out as I gagged from his remark. This was totally not what I was expecting!

"Waitâ€| You mean this is not about your parents?"

"No, that's another thing entirely."

"So you're saying you like guys."

"Yes."

"And you weren't staring at that waitress over there?"

"No! She's not even fitâ€|"

Our eyes connected straight away, but this time there was another thing that linked us together. The whole situation feltâ€| different, like it was tethering between the brink of our past and future.

"Hiccup, you mad?"

A multitude of emotions were running amok inside of me. This could change everything, this could be the explanation we both needed.

"(He's not saying anythingâ€|) Please tell me this is not going to happen. Hiccup, don't leave me! I've already lost one friend when I told him, just say something please!"

I must have blanked out. Jack had a pleading look in his eyes, and I could see the hurt he has gone through because of harbouring that secret.

"That'sâ€| wonderful! Jack, you're embracing yourself, and there's nothing more you can be proud of than standing up for your individuality!"

"So you're fine with me?"

"Yes! The whole thing, your good points, the bad ones, and all the little stuff in between. Too bad half the female population of Berk High will have broken hearts."

Jack relaxed.

"Nah, I don't think girls were interested in me anyway. I'm too boring. There's more though. I don't know how to say this, butâ€œ I like you Hiccup."

BAM! That's the issue right out there. I look at him and he at me. Are my glimpses at him during school something different than friendship? It might go beyond the friend zone, to something more like attractionâ€œ Do I stay with our relationship from the past, as friends, or do I embrace a new future as something else?

"Hehe, Jack you can't be serious right?"

"Hmmm depends. This milkshake is really nice, would you like to share it with me?"

\* \* \*

><p>Sorry for the late updates. Busy week, but everything should be back on schedule now.<p>

## 8. Day 8 - Shopping

Day 8 â€œ Shopping

"This is your captain speaking. We will be landing in Hong Kong very soon. Please buckle up your seatbeltâ€œ"

I am gently roused from my slumber. My eyes open to the welcome rays of a rising sun.

"Hey honey, we're almost there. Did you know that you look even cuter than the kids when you're sleeping?"

"Stop teasing Jack! You've filled out the landing forms yet? Where are those little monsters?"

Two tiny head popped up from the seats in front. "We aren't monsters!"

"Yeah, and I'm not little!"

"Well you kinda are Jamie."

Uh-oh, I sense a fight brewing.

"Hey guys, you know who's the biggest, meanest monster out there?"

"It's you daddy!"

Haha, kids drive me up the wall sometimes, but when things go great it's well worth the trouble. Astrid's the older one and she can be bossy, but she loves her brother more than anything in the world; Jamie is 4 years behind, and at 5 years old he's so curious about everything. Jack here is my husband and rock and anchor. We meet in university and got married 3 years later. We're both in our thirties now and still going on the greatest adventure of our life.

"You heard the captain. Sit down and buckle up, or my monstrous nightmares will get you!"

The cabin lurched slightly to the side as we began our descent.

\* \* \*

><p>We used to get so many looks when we first started going out together, now gay couples aren't even a "thing" anymore. Immigration took one look at us then waved us through without so much as batting an eyelid.<p>

"Hic, remember the time we went to London? The officer saw us holding hands and started hitting on me!"

"It wasn't you! He was bamboozled by a certain auburn stranger with dashing muscles and a face like gold."

"Some muscles you've got there! This little princess is the one who's got the best of both worlds, don't you?" Jack lifted Astrid up.

Little Jamie tugged at my hand. "Daddy, what are we going to do now?"

"Well, first we're going to the hotel and settle down. You papa's family haven't seen you in a long time, so tomorrow we'll be eating lunch with them. Then we have a surprise for you." I gave Jack a knowing nod. We're going to dump them after lunch with the in-laws for a bit of shopping in the consumer capital of Asia!

\* \* \*

><p>The two of us emerged from the restaurant full and content. "They never make food like this at home."<p>

"Bunny knows a few Chinese folk who has a restaurant down town, he goes there all the time. We must get him some of this dim sum, see what he thinks."

Aster, or bunny as he is commonly known, has been Jack's best friend since they were kids. His parents were aussy expats working in New York and he grew up there. That did not diminish his Australianness though. When he did his best man speech at our wedding, the guests were blown away by his accent. He even met his future wife there, our dentist "tooth" Tulia. They were going to come with us, but their son Sirius came down with the flu.

"Oooo Tooth would love that necklace. Isn't it their 11th anniversary soon? Let's buy them that."

"Hmm, the price seems alright. But Jack, what are we gonna get Bunny?"

"Hic, we've got the whole afternoon child-free. With the number of shops here, I don't think we have to worry running out of things to choose."

We held hands together as we entered an amazing world of discount offers and endless store racks.

The softest of silk, cheap electronics and outstanding service, we could really get used to the high commercial standards here! Both of us were carrying an assortment of bags containing: Clothing, toys, a book or two for the kidsâ€¦

"You look dashing in those sunglasses Jack."

"Thanks, you too. But why would you cover up your eyes? I could stare at those greens all day."

"They come with eye bags and dark circles though. There's also the added bonus of dealing with two crazy kids and sleepless nights."

"The bonus is getting to spend time with you, my love."

We flirt quite a bit. In public. And we're not exactly young or back in uni. But Jack here is the embodiment of fun. He coaxes out the best side of me every single day, while I'm there to keep things from getting too crazy. That's what makes us such a great team.

"It's so hot and humid here. We've seen pretty much everything there is to see right, ready to call it a day?"

Jack gave an exhausted nod. We went to the counter and paid for the glasses, then headed back to the hotel.

"Wow, look at you Jamie! I bet the girls are going love the gentleman you'll become when you're older. And Astrid, you better not wear that dress, or you'll be so pretty that it'll break you're daddies' hearts to see you leaving us for someone else."

We bought Jamie a miniature blazer and trousers and a traditional Chinese dress for Astrid. The result is nothing short of amazing. They look like something out of a movie. I don't mean to brag, but we do have the best dressed kids in the neighbourhood. Jack does the colours while I do the matching. We turn heads when we walk in the park.

"How was your day with grandpa and grandma?"

"It was amazing! Grandpa North took us to see the museums, and after that Grandma Val bought us ice creams. I had rainbow flavour, while sis hadâ€¦ hadâ€¦"

"I had eggnog and rum raisin, we had a fantastic time!" She grabbed her little brother in a chokehold hug.

I crouched down and lifted both of them up. "I'm glad you enjoyed it. Don't get too excited though, because tomorrow we're going toâ€¦"

"DISNEYLAND!" See, I told you Jack's joy is contaminating.

"You better get some sleep now, because tomorrow you'll have the most fun of your lives!"

I sent them off running to the bathroom.

"Imagine what it'll be like walking around there in the 30 degree heat, listening to screaming children and bumping into crowds."

"We signed up for this, didn't we? Come on Hic, think about the rides. Tell you what, I'll go with you guys on Space Mountain, just because I love you."

Jack's terrified of roller coasters.

"I'm only joking Jack. They're the best kids in the world, nothing can stop me from loving them or you."

Two sets of feet clambered onto the bed next door. We went in and tucked them in.

"Good night guys. Sleep tight, don't let the dragons bite."

"Good night." A chorus rose from beneath the bed sheets.

We closed the adjoining door and settled on our bed.

"I suppose it's time for us to rest too. Big day tomorrow."

"Sure is. Goodnight Hiccup."

"Goodnight Jack. Love you forever."

"Me too."

\* \* \*

><p>I'm very bad at story plots. I prefer exploring the emotional aspects of characters, but that said what do you guys think of this?<p>

## 9. Day 9 - Hanging Out With Friends

Day 9 â€“ Hanging out with friends

The gate clanged repeatedly as a swarm of teens came running through. A school minibus was waiting for them, driven by a man with a flowing white beard.

"Hey Mr North, is it Christmas yet?"

The elderly man laughed amicably at the joke. He did look like Santa Claus.

"Not yet, but soon! I can feel it in my veins."

The crowd of 16 jostled as the climbed into the vehicle. The cramped cabin was soon filled up except for two at the end.

"Settle down people, settle down. Respond when I call out your name. James, Tom, Aiden â€“ "

"Nicknames sir!"

"Fine, have it your way, I'm just the poor, old bus driver."

"You're \_\*\*our\*\*\_ poor, old driver." came from the back.

"We'll see about  
that:

Fishlegs,

Ruffnut,

Tuffnut,

Snoutlout,

Astrid,

Emma,

Jamie,

Katie,

Bunny,

Tooth,

Pitch,

Sandy,

Merida,

Rapunzel,

Elsa,

Anna,

Hiccup and Jack."

A chorus of "Yeses" rang out through the car, except for the last two.

"Eh? Where are those two?"

"Probably making out behind the school house."

Mr North said, "I don't care what they're doing, they better be here in the next 5 minutes or we're leaving without them."

He returned to the driving seat. Gentle chatter arose from the silence.

Astrid started speaking and the rest looked at her. "I called Jack this morning. He was definitely with Hiccup, I could hear them giggling. You know they've lasted the longest in our year? They beat Rachel and Mike who broke up last week."

They were a close group, and could speak about anything under the sun.

Anna, the "new girl" in the clique, asked, "Well what do you think the chances of Elsa and I are?" A blushing Elsa gave a piercing gaze to her girlfriend.

"Well we've known Elsa since reception, and if you're what she says you are then don't bother wasting your time."

"What?!" Anna's cheerful face crumbled in fear at Emma's words.

"Yeah, don't bother waiting, you two best get married now. By the looks of it you won't be alone. Hic and Jack will definite join you, they're the most obvious couple since butter and bread."

Anna relaxed and laughed. She took Elsa's hand and the two continued gazing longingly at each other.

"Can't wait for the roller coaster rides, I soooo gonna enjoy seeing those lovebirds squirm." Snoutlout pounded his hand for emphasis.

Pitch turned to face him. "Oh come on Snot, you're just jealous that Astrid rejected you. Give it up, that was five years ago." They both laughed at the incident.

"Hey that's new. Tell us about it." Bunny and Tooth said it in their characteristically Australian drawl.

"Well, we were in year 8 yeah, that was before you Aussies came over. The school disco was going on and Snot wanted a dance with the prettiest girl in the room, so he went up to Astrid and asked her. I was standing nearby and could see Astrid wasn't really in the mood to dance. Right at that moment Hiccup walked by, and before you knew it her arm was wrapped around Hic's. Snot didn't take the rejection too kindly and went away to cry in the girl's bathroom."

"I did not! It was just a sniff, and I went to the toilet to find another female partner!"

Pitch waved Snotlout's comment away with a flick of his hand. "Whatever. After you left, Astrid let go of hiccup. She turned around, only to see a certain white-haired stranger standing next to him. Jack was the new kid in town and no one knew much about him, so Astrid didn't expect a thing."

Astrid took up the story. "I said 'Hi Jack, didn't know you were at the disco'. The two shuffled closer together, and that's when I started to suspect something. He then said 'Well I came together with my boyfriend' and that hammered the nail in the coffin."

"That was the first time anyone of us knew. They basically came out on that day." Merida looked Rapunzel and nodded at the memory.

The car door was wrenched open as two teens leaped in. "Sorry guys, we were caught up in traffic."

"What, traffic jam on the A69?"

"Well if you really want to know our bed habits Bunny we would be

glad to share it with you."

"No thanks Jack, my girlfriend Tooth does not need to know the weak spots of a man."

"She wouldn't need to, seeing as hanging upside down on the other side of the world is hard enough already."

"Hiccup, Jack, finally here?" North's booming voice thundered over the cabin.

"Yes sir. Sorry about that, we were â€“"

"Don't want to know. You're old enough to do what you want. Sit down and buckle up, we're leaving."

The two took up the spaces at the back, next to Tuffnut and Sandy. Being hard of hearing, Sandy needed Tuffnut to interpret for him through sign, but the most timid of the group had the biggest of hearts.

"Hey Hiccup, Sandy wants to know how's Toothless doing?"

"Great thanks. Since you guys rescued him he's gotten more used to human affection. We'll go to the park one weekend and bring him along, so everyone can play with him."

As the ride stretched on talk gradually simmered down to a minimum. Fishlegs, Ruffnut, Jamie and Katie were playing top trumps; Merida, Emma, Astrid and Snotlout were asleep. The couples cuddled up to each other: Tooth's lap was a pillow for Bunny's head; Elsa and Anna caressed each other and interrupted the silence with an occasional kiss; Pitch running his slender fingers through Rapunzel's flowing hair; Sandy and Tuffnut were doing pen spinning tricks and signing at the same time; Jack and Hiccup were sketching in their notebook.

"Jack, have I ever told you I'm scared of roller coasters?"

"Me too Hic. The last time I got on one was when I was 9. Hated it."

"Remind me again why are we doing this?"

"Cuz we're going with our friends."

Jack curled his fingers around Hiccup's slender digits.

"I'll be there with you all the way, and I trust you'll be there for me too?"

"Jack, you know me. Always."

The two lapsed into silence, savouring their love among the surrounding of friends.

\* \* \*

><p>Day 10 will continue in the same alternate universe.<p>

## 10. Day 10 - With Animal Ears

\*\*WRITER'S BLOCK ARRRRRR. Spent ages on this one, sorry for the late update. Hope you like it!\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>Day 10 - With animal ears</p>

It was cold, freezing even. When the group got down from the minibus they were hit full-on by a stiff wind. Yet that did not diminish the number of people going to the amusement park. If anything more people were there, for the thirst for thrill drops trumped stagnating at home curled underneath a duvet.

"I expect you guys to stick together in groups and meet back here at 4 o'clock, clear?"

"We'll be fine Mr North, thanks for the ride!"

"Have fun!"

The small crowd headed for the entrance and to the promise of a fun-filled day.

"So who's going with who?"

"I suppose we could all go together."

"But where shall we go first?" Bunny was literally hopping around with excitement, much to the annoyance of Tooth.

Hiccup, ever the resourceful one, pulled out a map from his pocket. "The game stalls are nearest us, so we could start there first. The rides still have some time before they start." The display board said '30 minutes until the next ride'.

Anna gushed with anticipation, "Games it is then! I soooo want to win a stuffed toy!"

They headed into the park. There was a fair bit of screaming and shouting and kids running around, adults looking flustered and teens having the time of their lives. Jack pulled Hiccup closer and said, "Do you want that in the future? A family, kids, marriage?"

"Budge off Jack, you're hugging me too tight." Hiccup half-heartedly pushed at Jack, but he only held on tighter.

"I take that as a yes then?"

Snoutlout faked a look of disgust, "Oi lovebirds, quit mucking about in public and think of the children!"

"Someone's a bit jealous. You sir need some love in your life."

"Hey I'm not judging, I was just kidding!"

"We're here!" Jamie grabbed hold of Emma's hand and ran off first into the stalls.

"Ok guys, 20 minutes then we meet up back here for the Inferno Whirl ride." Merida instructed the group what to do and they split off into their natural pairings.

"Well Mr Handsome, I suppose it's just you and me now. How about some alone time?"

"Jack you're such a tease! That stuffed dragon looks nice, let's go there!"

The auburn teen locked arms with his boyfriend and soon they arrived at the stand.

"'You've got 10 coins to throw. Depending on which ring you managed to get it in you can win a prize. The coin cannot touch the circumference of the ring and must land in between the boundaries. Good luck!' Hiccup, this seems fun. The one who gets the cutest prize wins!"

Coins started flying through the air before the assistant boy managed to duck. Hiccup had his eyes on the black dragon plush since they entered the games area, so he was playing it very carefully. Yet no matter how hard he tried the coins weren't landing in the right place. Jack wasn't faring any better either, until on his last coin Jack gave a desperate throw and it landed right on the bull's eye.

"Congratulations. You get to pick any of the prizes on display."

While Jack went around looking for his toy of choice, Hiccup was staring wistfully at the dragon.

On closer inspection the boy said, "Wait a minute, you get a prize too! It seems that somehow one of yours landed on the outer rings. You can choose one thing from the lower racks of the display."

Just then Jack came back from his tour around the shop. "Hiccup, guess what I got?" he whipped out his hand from behind.

"You got the dragon I wanted? Wow thanks! Turns out by some strange twist of fate I get a prize too, but a lesser one. What should I choose Jack?"

On the shelf were an assortment of key chains, pencil cases and other paraphernalia. Nothing seemed to catch their eyes.

"How about that headband with the puppy ears." Jack was pointing at a black hairband with two floppy dark purple ears attached to it. It was just the right match with the toy dragon, except it was for girls.

"Jack, that's for girls! No way am I going to wear that."

"Come on, it'll be fun! You can wear it on the roller coaster and pretend you're a dragon flying in mid-air." Jack was flapping one arm like a dragon's wings and using the other as a poor replica of an ear.

"You owe me big time." Hiccup puffed his chest and plucked up his lips as he went and put on the hairband.

"Pretty good little Eragon. Just like a man, dragon, mangon." Jack was trying to suppress his laughter.

"Well since I'm going to do this, you have to carry that dragon around like he's our baby for the rest of the day." Hiccup leaned forward and squinted his eyes at Jack.

The taller teen responded nervously, "Hehe yeah okay. I'm the daddy though."

Hiccup rolled his eyes in his usual manner, "Who's wearing dragon ears?"

"Fine, you can be dragon dad. I'll be tiger mum then."

"Fine, now let's go for that ride."

Their friends were gathered beneath the notice board.

Fishlegs looked right at the two as they came over. He found it hard to stifle a guffaw, and everyone turned to see what he was laughing at.

"Hiccup! What are you doing?"

"I'm a dragon, hear me roar!" He raised his arms and formed hanging claws, stomping around like a monster.

Rapunzel was quick to catch on. "Jack, what did you make him do?"

"Hey, I'm the one suffering too. I need to carry this 'baby' around the whole day, including on the roller coaster."

Tuffnut translated Sandy's sign signals, "He says the toy makes you look like a proper couple, and Hiccup's the dad right?"

Hiccup rolled his eyes again, "It's complicated. We went through that once, I'm not going to do it again. Let's go!"

He dragged Jack along, with Jack scrambling to look after the baby.

"Last ride of the day guys. Let's go on the water slide."

"But Ruffnut, think about the baby, what happens if he gets a cold?" Jack was rocking the dragon around and making cooing noises as his hand was gently soothing his forehead.

Hiccup whispered to Anna, "I think he's going a bit too far with this one."

She replied, "It shows he's a good dad though."

Tooth was quick to cut to the chase, "Fine, Jack can stay on dry ground and we'll go and have fun!"

"But I want to be with my \_dragon\_." Jack meant Hiccup with his dragon ears.

Elsa pulled the two boys apart and said, "\_I'll \_take care of your \_baby.\_ I never liked water and the cold, it always bothered me anyway." She picked the baby dragon up from Jack's arms and went off to sit on a bench.

"Awww, I miss him already."

"Quit moaning and get a move on. Thanks for splitting \_us \_up by the way." Anna was kind of furious with Jack.

"Jack you sentimental little pumpkin." Hiccup laid his head against his shoulder. "Let's go for that ride, shall we?"

The group headed for the queue.

After some time, it was finally their turn.

"Two to a car, two to a car." The lady watching over things was trying to shout over the crowd.

"Get in front Jack, that way we'll get the best view." The two scrambled to secure a front-row seat to the coming spectacular.

"All aboard everyone? Great, off you go!" Chains started clanking and the vessel inched forward up the slope.

"Hiccup, I have to tell you something."

"What Jack?"

"I'm actually afraid of heights." Jack gushed out.

"But you did fine in all the rides just now."

"Well, I had to be a good role model for our kid right?"

"Next time just tell me then! Because I'm not a big fan of roller coasters either." Hiccup grabbed hold of Jack's hand.

"But when we fall, we'll face it together." The chunking stopped, the chains stopped moving, and for a brief moment all was still. Then the car passed the apex and down it went, towards the waiting pool of water below.

"Close your eyes Jack, and just \_feel \_me with you." Jack was shaking and Hiccup was gripping his hand tight.

Everything was a blur as people, trees, metal and steel flashed by. They were getting closer now, people on the street were getting bigger, the pavement loomed closer; a ray of light reflected off the water surface, casting a warm glow on both their faces.

Impact. A curtain of water rose up and blocked out the sun as the cart touched down. Light wove through the gaps in the curtain and before they were doused in the chill of reality, the fountain of water shone rainbow, as the light created spectrums around the two.

"WOOHOOHOO THAT WAS AMAZING! Did you see us go down Jack?"

Jack was still recovering from the shock of the drop. "I opened my eyes at the last moment, before the water came crashing down. Look, we're all wet! North won't be happy with this."

Bouts of laughter and good cheer came from the exit as the group departed from the fun and games. They had a chance to dry out once they've left the park.

"My 'ears' are all wet." Hiccup was shaking his head like a puppy in an effort to get himself dry.

"Shhhh, mummy's here, coocoocooâ€œ| Jack was back to his maternal mode as he held the toy.

The sound of burning tires skidding on pavement reached the ears of the group. "North's here. Everyone dry? Hell screw that, we'll have to get on anyway."

Everyone started trudging towards the open minibus door. Hiccup put his hairband back on and turned to Jack, "You ready papa?"

"Always daddy. Let's go home."

As the two walked off, three shadows could be seen on the floor. One with animal ears holding hands with someone with messy hair, and both clutching a small baby in their arms.

## 11. Day 11 - Wearing Onesies

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"You've got your toothbrush, extra clothes, everything else on the list?"

"Ummm lewt me see â€œ toothbrush: cweck; cwothes: cweckâ€œ| I can always come back to mommy right?"

Hiccup's emerald-set eyes are wide open at his mother. Whether it is with excitement or fear Val couldn't tell, but this is his first sleepover ever after all, so Val wants to make sure he has everything he needs.

"Let's hope it doesn't come to that. You'll be fine, Jack's your best friend. Northy will give me a call if you don't feel comfortable, okay honey? Now go and have fun, Jack's waiting!"

"Bwai mommy!"

As Hiccup's little legs lead him down the driveway Val let out a controlled sigh. He never knew what he missed. He still doesn't, and that's what's worrying her. Losing her husband Stoick to AIDS was hard; in a single night a happy family was reduced to a struggling single mom with a baby to care for. To see him so happy fills the gap in her heart a teeny bit, but Hiccup's still only six. He will never have a dad to play baseball with, or be given advice on how to be a man; when she's not there for him who will he turn to? Better not

think about that now. Val heads back into the house, and the door creaks morosely shut behind her.

"â€|and this is my room. You can play with the animals there." Jack points at a massive pile of stuffed toys. Hiccup's eyes lights up at the sight of them and immediately he dives into the heap.

"I wike this one the bwest!" A baby dragon emerges from the rest of the toys, with Hiccup's skinny arm holding it up.

"That's Toothless. My mommy got it for me when I was a baby." Jack selects a toy rabbit, "I'll be bunny and you'll be toothless. Let's have a fight!" He rushes at Hiccup and attacks the dragon with his rabbit. They playfully wrestle one another, and as Jack is taller he manages to pin Hiccup down on the ground.

"Hehe bunny, stwop jumping on my face!" Jack lightly peppers Hiccup's face with brushes from his plush.

"I have a better idea! Let's play dress up! My sister bought me a onesie last week. I can borrow hers, which is larger, and you could wear mine." Jack rushes off to fetch the costumes while Hiccup fiddles around with his toys.

Jackk comes bumbling in carrying a heap of fabric that covers much of his tiny body. With a heave he manages to get them on the floor, and two costumes sprawl out in front of the two.

"Well you get to be Barney, and I'mâ€| er the toothfairy?" Jack's onesie is rainbow-colored with a sequin hood. His shock of white hair fits perfectly with the fabulour outfit. Hiccup's is purple with a hood that has teeth on the sides. When Hiccup puts it on it makes his face seem like the jaws of a dinosaur.

"Wow Hiccup, you make Barney look \_really\_ scary!"

"Rweally? Then I'm coming for you!"

Hiccup stiffens his legs and lifts his arms. He goes and stomps around the room, saying, "I'm a dinosaur, ROARRRR!"

Jack nimbly jumps around Hiccup, flapping his arms like fairy wings and pretending to fly. Hiccup fails his arms around and manages to catch Jack, making the taller boy jump back and accidentally land on the bed.

"GRAWWW I'VE GOT YOU!" The dinosaur launches himself into the air and lands right next to a heaving Jack. Hiccup then rolls over and traps jack under his arms. He flings his head back and the dinosaur hood goes off.

"Well that was fun!" Hiccup looks down at Jack's face. He is blushing red with the running around they've been doing. Hiccup is tired too, and he collapses down onto Jack's chest.

"Kids, time for bed!" A deep voice reverberates from the corridor. Jack pushes Hiccup off and scrambles out underneath him.

"Hehe, I've escaped! Come and catch me!" Jack runs off and out of the room, with Hiccup struggling to catch his breath and follow him at

the same time.

He bumps right into Jack's father when he gets to the door. He lifts little Hiccup up from the ground.

"Hey there little buddy. Jack's in the bathroom getting ready for bed. Now run along and go do the same. Have you got your toothbrush?"

Hiccup looks up timidly and nods. North, sensing his unease, gives him a warm smile and sets him down, letting him run along the corridor. It's nice that his son is having such fun with his friend. Since Jack's mother Samantha is always on business across the country they rarely see her, and North is left with the responsibility of rearing their son. He masks it well, but North knows that Jack is secretly sad and missing that connection he should have with his parents. When he comes home from school Jack is withdrawn and keeps to himself, and it doesn't help that North has to go to work too. Being with Hiccup makes Jack much more happy and outgoing, and that comforts North to no end.

"..that's my space!" "No it's mine!" "I can't see myself!"

The two boys are pushing against each other for the most space in front of the bathroom mirror. They have toothpaste on their mouths and water is dripping from the sink. After some struggle they finally finish brushing their teeth and are ready for bed.

"Haha I'm sleeping next to a doofus dinosaur."

"Say the big, puffy fwairy!"

"Good night kids. Sleep tight, don't let the bedbugs bite!" North turns the switch off as he exits the room.

After their eyes get use to the dark and they can see the outline of objects in the dark, Jack flips his body sideways so he can face Hiccup directly.

"How's our little dinosaur doing?"

"Hwe's safe with hwiis fwairy."

Jack reaches out and hugs Hiccup.

"You're my best friend."

"You twoo Jack."

And as the moon shines softly on the sleeping couple North smiles from outside the doorway.

End  
file.